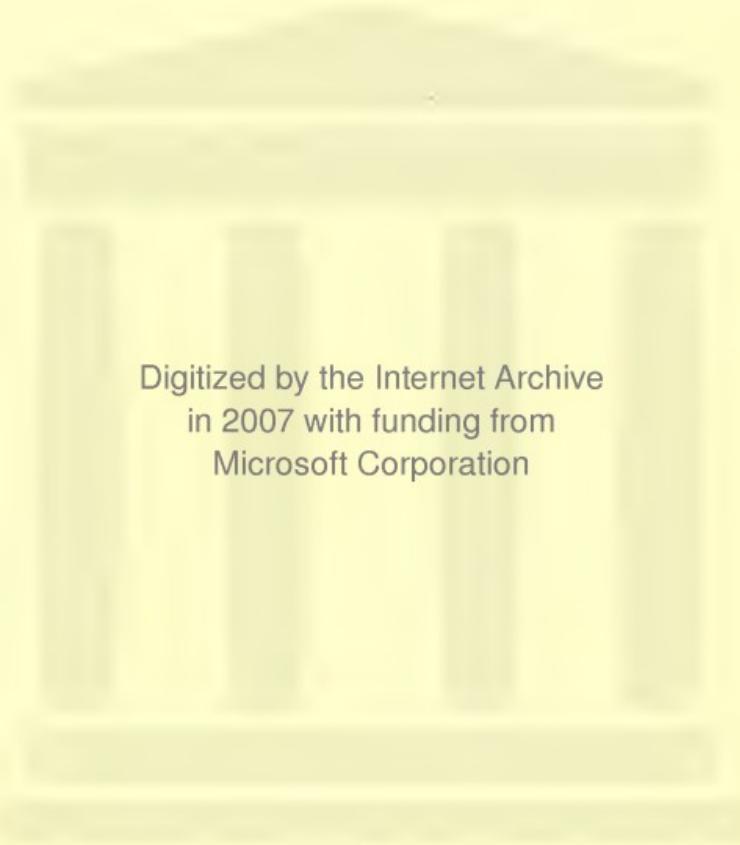


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J. Cockayne
Oct. 9th 1814

THE
WANDERER
OF
SWITZERLAND,
AND
OTHER POEMS.
BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

“ Though long of winds and waves the sport,
“ Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
“ LIVE!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
“ A quiet home.”

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO.

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1813.

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THE historical facts alluded to in THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND, may be found in the *Supplement to Coxe's Travels*, in *Planta's History of the Helvetic Confederacy*, and in *Zschokke's Invasion of Switzerland by the French, in 1798, translated by Dr Aikin.*

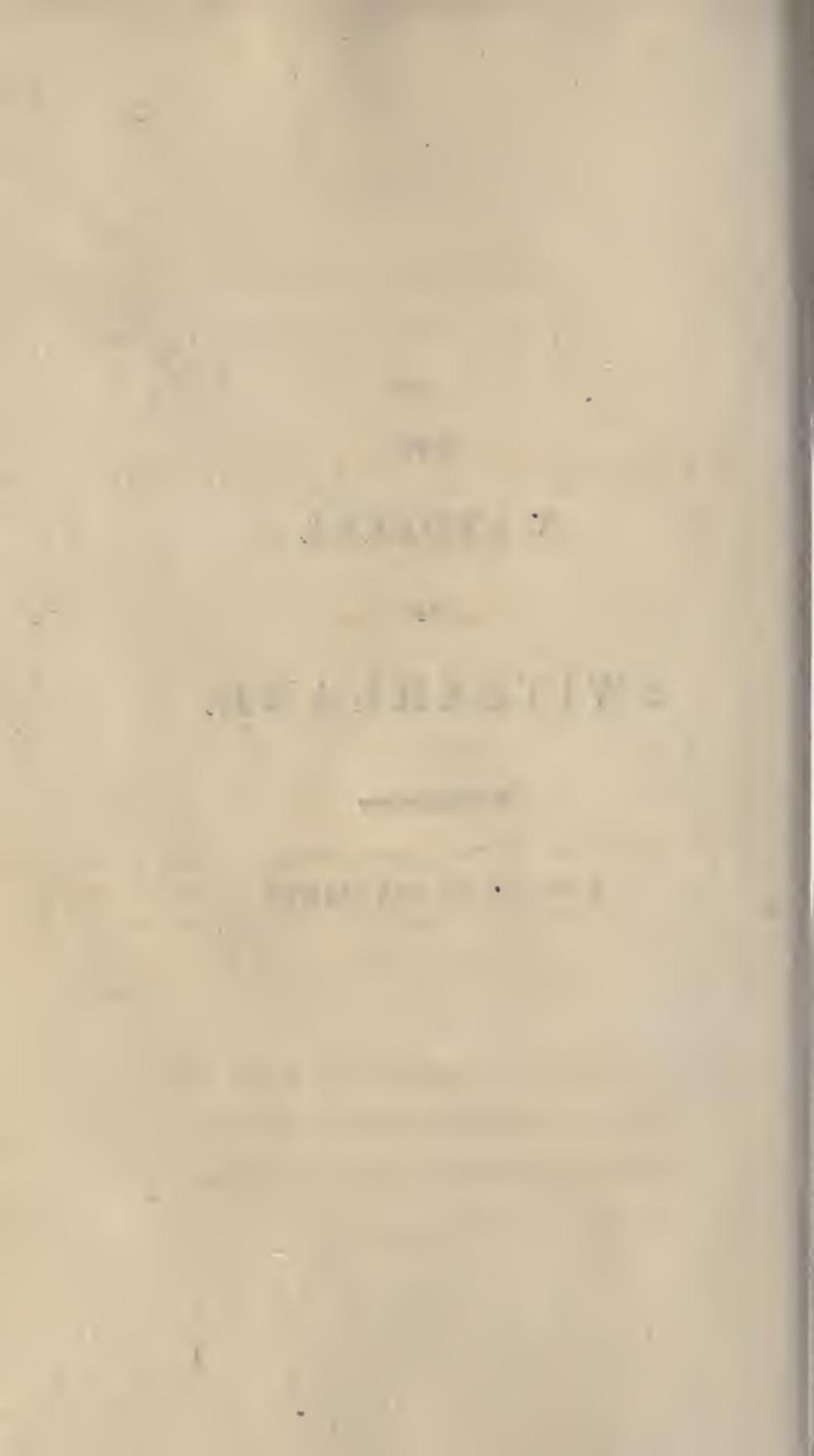
and again and again I have said that
the first step in the development of
any new system of thought is to
make it clear what the old system
is, and what its difficulties are.

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THE
WANDERER
OF
SWITZERLAND.

A POEM, IN SIX PARTS.



THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART I.

A Wanderer of Switzerland and his Family, consisting of his Wife, his Daughter and her young Children, emigrating from their Country, in consequence of its Subjugation by the French in 1798, arrive at the Cottage of a Shepherd, beyond the Frontiers, where they are hospitably entertained.

Shep'd. "Wanderer! whither dost thou roam?
Weary Wanderer, old and grey!
Wherefore has thou left thine home
In the sunset of thy day?"

Wanderer. “ In the sunset of my day,
 Stranger! I have lost my home :
 Weary, wandering, old and grey,
 Therefore, therefore do I roam.

Here mine arms a Wife enfold,
 Fainting in their weak embrace ;
 There my daughter’s charms behold,
 Withering in that widow’d face.

These her infants—O their Sire,
 Worthy of the race of TELL,
 In the battle’s fiercest fire,
 —In his country’s battle fell !”

Shep. “ SWITZERLAND then gave thee birth ?
Wand. “ Aye—’twas SWITZERLAND of yore ;
 But, degraded spot of earth!
 Thou art SWITZERLAND no more :

O'er thy mountains, sunk in blood,
 Are the waves of ruin hurl'd ;
 Like the waters of the flood
 Rolling round a buried world."

Shep. " Yet will Time the deluge stop ;
 Then may SWITZERLAND be blest :
 On ST GOTTHARD'S * hoary top
 Shall the Ark of Freedom rest."

Wand. " No !—Irreparably lost,
 On the day that made us slaves,
 Freedom's Ark, by tempest tost,
 Founder'd in the swallowing waves."

* ST GOTTHARD is the name of the highest mountain in the canton of URI, the birth-place of Swiss Independence.

Shep. "Welcome, Wanderer as thou art,
All my blessings to partake;
Yet thrice welcome to my heart,
For thine injured country's sake.

On the western hills afar
Evening lingers with delight,
While she views her favourite star
Brightening on the brow of night.

Here, though lowly be my lot,
Enter freely, freely share
All the comforts of my cot,
Humble shelter, homely fare.

Spouse ! I bring a suffering guest,
With his family of grief;
Give the weary pilgrims rest,
Yield the Exiles sweet relief!"

Shep.'s Wife. " I will yield them sweet relief :
 Weary Pilgrims ! welcome here ;
 Welcome, family of grief !
 Welcome to my warmest cheer."

Wand. " When in prayer the broken heart
 Asks a blessing from above,
 Heaven shall take the Wanderer's part,
 Heaven reward the Stranger's love."

Shep. " Haste, recruit the failing fire,
 High the winter-faggots raise :
 See the crackling flames aspire ;
 O how cheerfully they blaze !

Mourners ! now forget your cares,
 And, till supper-board be crown'd,
 Closely draw your fire-side chairs ;
 Form the dear domestic round."

Wand. “ Host ! thy smiling daughters bring,
Bring those rosy lads of thine :
Let them mingle in the ring
With these poor lost babes of mine.”

Shep. “ Join the ring, my girls and boys ;
This enchanting circle, this
Binds the social loves and joys ;
’Tis the fairy-ring of bliss ! ”

Wand. “ O ye loves and joys ! that sport
In the fairy-ring of bliss,
Oft with me ye held your court ;
I had once a home like this !

Bountiful my former lot
As my native country’s rills ;
The foundations of my cot
Were her everlasting hills.

But those streams no longer pour
 Rich abundance round my lands ;
 And my father's cot no more
 On my father's mountain stands.

By an hundred winters piled,
 When the Glaciers, * dark with death,
 Hang o'er precipices wild,
 Hang—suspended by a breath :

If a pulse but throb alarm,
 Headlong down the steeps they fall ;
 —For a pulse will break the charm,—
 Bounding, bursting, burying all.

* More properly the AVALANCHES ; immense accumulations of ice and snow, balanced on the verge of the mountains in such subtle suspense, that, in the opinion of the natives, the tread of the traveller may bring them down in destruction upon him. The GLACIERS are more permanent masses of ice, and formed rather in the vallies than on the summits of the Alps.

Struck with horror stiff and pale,
 When the chaos breaks on high,
 All that view it from the vale,
 All that hear it coming, die :—

In a day and hour accurst,
 O'er the wretched land of TELL,
 Thus the Gallic ruin burst,
 Thus the Gallic glacier fell !”

Shep. “ Hush that melancholy strain ;
 Wipe those unavailing tears :”

Wand. “ Nay—I must, I will complain ;
 'Tis the privilege of years :

'Tis the privilege of Woe,
 Thus her anguish to impart :
 And the tears that freely flow
 Ease the agonizing heart.”

Shep. " Yet suspend thy griefs awhile :
See the plenteous table crown'd ;
And my wife's endearing smile
Beams a rosy welcome round.

Cheese from mountain-dairies prest,
Wholesome herbs, nutritious roots,
Honey from the wild-bee's nest,
Cheering wine, and ripen'd fruits :

These, with soul-sustaining bread,
My paternal fields afford :—
On such fare our fathers fed ;
Hoary pilgrim ! bless the board."

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE
WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART II.

After Supper, the Wanderer, at the desire of his Host, relates the sorrows and sufferings of his Country, during the Invasion and Conquest of it by the French, in connection with his own Story.

Shep. “Wanderer ! bow’d with griefs and years,
Wanderer, with the cheek so pale !
O give language to those tears !
Tell their melancholy tale.”

Wand. “Stranger-friend ! the tears that flow
Down the channels of this cheek,
Tell a mystery of woe
Which no human tongue can speak.

Not the pangs of “ Hope deferr’d ”
My tormented bosom tear :—
On the tomb of Hope interr’d
Scowls the spectre of Despair.

Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o’er height stupendous hurl’d ;
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world :

Born in Freedom’s eagle nest,
Rock’d by whirlwinds in their rage,
Nursed at Freedom’s stormy breast,
Lived my Sires from age to age.

High o’er UNDERWALDEN’s vale,
Where the forest fronts the morn ;
Whence the boundless eye might sail
O’er a sea of mountains borne ;

There my little native cot
Peep'd upon my father's farm :—
O it was a happy spot,
Rich in every rural charm !

There my life, a silent stream,
Glid along, yet seem'd at rest ;
Lovely as an infant's dream
On the waking mother's breast.

Till the storm that wreck'd the world,
In its horrible career,
Into hopeless ruin hurl'd
All this aching heart held dear.

On the princely towers of BERNE
Fell the Gallic thunder-stroke ;
To the lake of poor LUCERNE,
All submitted to the yoke.

REDING then his standard raised,
 Drew his sword on BRUNNEN's plain ;*
 But in vain his banner blazed,
 REDING drew his sword in vain.

Where our conquering fathers died ;
 Where their awful bones repose ;
 Thrice the battle's fate he tried,
 Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes.†

* BRUNNEN, at the foot of the mountains, on the borders of the Lake of URI, where the first Swiss Patriots, WALTER FURST of URI, WERNER STAUFFACHER OF SCHWITZ, and ARNOLD of MELCHTAL in UNDERWALDEN, conspired against the tyranny of Austria in 1307, again in 1798 became the seat of the Diet of these three forest cantons.

† On the plains of MORGARTHEN, where the Swiss gained their first decisive victory over the force of AUSTRIA, and thereby secured the independence of their country ; ALOYS REDING, at the head of the troops of the little Cantons, URI, SCHWITZ, and UNDERWALDEN, repeatedly repulsed the invading army of FRANCE.

Happy then were those who fell
 Fighting on their fathers' graves !
 Wretched those who lived to tell
 Treason made the victors slaves.*

Thus my country's life retired,
 Slowly driven from part to part ;
 UNDERWALDEN last expired,
 UNDERWALDEN was the heart.+

* By the resistance of these small cantons, the French General SCHAWENBOURG was compelled to respect their independence, and gave them a solemn pledge to that purport; but no sooner had they disarmed, on the faith of this engagement, than the enemy came suddenly upon them with an immense force; and with threats of extermination compelled them to take the civic oath to the new constitution, imposed upon all SWITZERLAND.

+ The inhabitants of the Lower Valley of UNDERWALDEN alone resisted the French message, which required submission to the new constitution, and the immediate surrender, *alive or dead*, of nine of their leaders. When the

In the valley of their birth,
 Where our guardian mountains stand ;
 In the eye of heaven and earth,
 Met the warriors of our land.

Like their Sires in olden time,
 Arm'd they met in stern debate ;
 While in every breast sublime
 Glow'd the SPIRIT OF THE STATE.

GALLIA's menace fired their blood ;
 With one heart and voice they rose ;
 Hand in hand the heroes stood,
 And defied their faithless foes.

demand, accompanied by a menace of destruction, was read in the Assembly of the District, all the men of the Valley, fifteen hundred in number, took up arms, and devoted themselves to perish in the ruins of their country.

Then to heaven, in calm despair,
As they turn'd the tearless eye,
By their country's wrongs they sware
With their country's rights to die.

ALBERT from the council came ;
(My poor daughter was his wife ;
All the valley loved his name ;
ALBERT was my staff of life !)

From the council-field he came ;
All his noble visage burn'd ;
At his look I caught the flame ;
At his voice my youth return'd.

Fire from heaven my heart renew'd ;
Vigour beat through every vein ;
All the powers, that age had hew'd,
Started into strength again.

Sudden from my couch I sprang,
 Every limb to life restored ;
 With the bound my cottage rang,
 As I snatch'd my fathers' sword.

This the weapon they did wield,
 On MORGARTHEN's dreadful day ;
 And through SEMPACH's * iron field
 This the ploughshare of their way.

Then, my Spouse ! in vain thy fears
 Strove my fury to restrain ;
 O my daughter ! all thy tears,
 All thy children's were in vain.

* At the battle of SEMPACH, the Austrians presented so impenetrable a front with their projected spears, that the Swiss were repeatedly compelled to retire from the attack, till a native of UNDERWALDEN, named ARNOLD DE WINKELRIED, commanding his family to his countrymen,

Quickly from our hastening foes,
ALBERT's active care removed,
 Far amidst the eternal snows,
 These who loved us,—these beloved.*

Then our cottage we forsook ;
 Yet as down the steeps we pass'd,
 Many an agonizing look
 Homeward o'er the hills we cast.

Now we reach'd the nether glen,
 Where in arms our brethren lay ;
 Thrice five hundred fearless men,
 Men of adamant were they !

sprang upon the enemy, and, burying as many of their spears as he could grasp in his body, made a breach in their line; the Swiss rushed in, and routed the Austrians with a terrible slaughter.

* Many of the **UNDERWALDERS**, on the approach of

Nature's bulwarks, built by Time,
 'Gainst Eternity to stand,
 Mountains terribly sublime,
 Girt the camp on either hand.

Dim behind, the Valley brake
 Into rocks that fled from view ;
 Fair in front the gleaming lake
 Roll'd its waters bright and blue.

'Midst the hamlets of the dale,
 STANTZ,* with simple grandeur crown'd,
 Seem'd the Mother of the vale,
 With her children scatter'd round.

the French army, removed their families and cattle among the Higher Alps; and themselves returned to join their brethren, who had encamped in their native Valley, on the borders of the Lake, and awaited the attack of the enemy.

* The Capital of UNDERWALDEN.

'Midst the ruins of the dale,
 Now she bows her hoary head,
 Like the Widow of the vale
 Weeping o'er her children dead.

Happier then had been her fate,
 Ere she fell by such a foe,
 Had an earthquake sunk her state,
 Or the lightning laid her low!"

Shep. " By the lightning's deadly flash
 Would her foes had been consumed !
 Or amidst the earthquake's crash
 Suddenly, alive, entomb'd !

Why did justice not prevail?"
Wand. " Ah ! it was not thus to be!"
Shep. —" Man of grief ! pursue thy tale
 To the death of Liberty."

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART III.

The Wanderer continues his Narrative, and describes the Battle and Massacre of Unterwalden.

Wand. " From the Valley we descried,
As the GAULS approach'd our shores,
Keels that darken'd all the tide,
Tempesting the Lake with oars.

Then the mountain-echoes rang
With the clangor of alarms :
Shrill the signal-trumpet sang ;
All our warriors leap'd to arms.

On the margin of the flood,
While the frantic foe drew nigh ;
Grim as watching wolves we stood,
Prompt as eagles stretcht to fly.

In a deluge upon land
Burst their overwhelming might ;
Back we hurl'd them from the strand,
Oft returning to the fight.

Fierce and long the combat held ;
—Till the waves were warm with blood
Till the booming waters swell'd
As they sank beneath the flood. *

* The French made their first attack on the Valley of UNDERWALDEN from the Lake : but, after a desperate conflict, they were victoriously repelled, and two of their vessels, containing five hundred men, perished in the engagement.

For on that triumphant day,
UNDERWALDEN's arms once more
 Broke Oppression's black array,
 Dash'd Invasion from her shore.

Gaul's surviving barks retired,
 Muttering vengeance as they fled :
 Hope in us, by Conquest fired,
 Raised our spirits from the dead.

From the dead our spirits rose,
 To the dead they soon return'd ;
 Bright, on its eternal close,
UNDERWALDEN's glory burn'd.

Star of SWITZERLAND ! whose rays
 Shed such sweet expiring light,
 Ere the GALLIC comet's blaze
 Swept thy beauty into night :—

Star of SWITZERLAND ! thy fame
No recording Bard hath sung,
Yet be thine immortal name
Inspiration to my tongue !*

While the lingering moon delay'd
In the wilderness of night,
Ere the morn awoke the shade
Into loveliness and light :—

GALLIA's tygers, wild for blood,
Darted on our sleeping fold ;
Down the mountains, o'er the flood,
Dark as thunder-clouds they roll'd.

* In the last and decisive battle, the UNDERWALDERS were overpowered by two French armies, which rushed upon them from the opposite mountains, and surrounded their camp, while an assault, at the same time, was made upon them from the Lake.

By the trumpet's voice alarm'd,
All the valley burst awake ;
All were in a moment arm'd
From the barriers to the lake.

—In that valley, on that shore,
When the graves give up their dead,
At the trumpet's voice once more
Shall those slumberers quit their bed !

For the glen that gave them birth
Hides their ashes in its womb :
O 'tis venerable earth,
Freedom's cradle, Freedom's tomb !

Then on every side begun
That unutterable fight ;
Never rose the astonish'd sun
On so horrible a sight.

Once an eagle of the rock
('Twas an omen of our fate,)
Stoop'd, and from my scatter'd flock
Bore a lambkin to his mate.

While the Parents fed their young,
Lo ! a cloud of Vultures lean,
By voracious famine stung,
Wildly-screaming rush'd between.

Fiercely fought the eagle-twain,
Though by multitudes opprest,
Till their little ones were slain,
Till they perish'd on their nest.

More unequal was the fray
Which our band of brethren waged ;
More insatiate o'er their prey
GAUL's remorseless vultures raged.

In innumerable waves,
 Swoln with fury, grim with blood,
 Headlong roll'd the hordes of slaves,
 And ingulph'd us with a flood.

In the whirlpool of that flood,
 Firm in fortitude divine,
 Like the eternal rocks we stood
 In the cataract of the Rhine.*

Till by tenfold force assail'd,
 In a hurricane of fire,
 When at length our phalanx fail'd,
 Then our courage blaz'd the higher.

Broken into feeble bands,
 Fighting in dissever'd parts,
 Weak and weaker grew our hands,
 Strong and stronger still our hearts.

* At SCHAFFHAUSEN.—See COXE'S Travels.

Fierce amid the loud alarms,
 Shouting in the foremost fray,
 Children raised their little arms
 In their country's evil day.

On their country's dying bed,
 Wives and husbands pour'd their breath ;
 Many a Youth and Maiden bled,
 Married at thine altar, Death !*

Wildly scatter'd o'er the plain,
 Bloodier still the battle grew ;—
 O ye Spirits of the slain !
 Slain on those your prowess slew :

* In this miserable conflict, many of the Women and Children of the UNDERWALDERS fought in the ranks by their Husbands, and Fathers, and Friends, and fell gloriously for their country.

Who shall now your deeds relate?
 Ye that fell unwept, unknown;
 Mourning for your country's fate,
 But rejoicing in your own!

* Virtue, valour, nought avail'd
 With so merciless a foe;
 When the nerves of heroes fail'd,
 Cowards then could strike a blow.

Cold and keen the assassin's blade
 Smote the Father to the ground,
 Through the infant's breast convey'd
 To the mother's heart a wound.*

UNDERWALDEN thus expired;
 But at her expiring flame,

* An indiscriminate massacre followed the battle.

With fraternal feeling fired,
Lo, a band of SWITZERS came.*

From the steeps beyond the lake,
Like a Winter's weight of snow,
When the huge Lavanges break,
Devastating all below ; †

Down they rush'd with headlong might,
Swifter than the panting wind ;
All before them fear and flight !
Death and silence all behind !

* Two hundred self-devoted heroes from the Canton of SWITZ arrived, at the close of the battle, to the aid of their Brethren of UNDERWALDEN,—and perished to a man, after having slain thrice their number.

† The LAVANGES are tremendous torrents of melting snow, that tumble from the tops of the Alps, and deluge all the Country before them.

How the forest of the foe
Bow'd before their thunder strokes !
When they laid the cedars low ;
When they overwhelm'd the oaks !

Thus they hew'd their dreadful way ;
Till, by numbers forc'd to yield,
Terrible in death they lay,
The AVENGERS OF THE FIELD !”

END OF THE THIRD PART.

THE
WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART IV.

The Wanderer relates the circumstances attending the death of Albert.

Shep. “ Pledge the memory of the Brave,
And the Spirits of the dead ;
Pledge the venerable Grave,
Valour’s consecrated bed.

Wanderer ! cheer thy drooping soul,
This inspiring goblet take ;
Drain the deep delicious bowl,
For thy martyr’d brethren’s sake.”

Wand. " Hail !—all hail ! the Patriot's grave,
Valour's venerable bed !
Hail ! the memory of the Brave,
Hail ! the Spirits of the dead !

Time their triumphs shall proclaim,
And their rich reward be this,—
Immortality of fame !
Immortality of bliss !"

Shep. " On that melancholy plain,
In that conflict of despair,
How was noble ALBERT slain ?
How did'st thou, old Warrior ! fare ?"

Wand. " In the agony of strife,
Where the heart of battle bled,
Where his country lost her life,
Glorious ALBERT bow'd his head.

When our phalanx broke away,
And our stoutest soldiers fell,
—Where the dark rocks dimm'd the day,
Scowling o'er the deepest dell ;

There, like lions old in blood,
Lions rallying round their den,
Albert and his warriors stood ;
We were few, but we were men !

Breast to breast we fought the ground,
Arm to arm repell'd the foe ;
Every motion was a wound,
And a death was every blow.

Thus the clouds of sunset beam
Warmer with expiring light ;
Thus autumnal meteors stream
Redder through the darkening night.

Miracles our champions wrought—
 Who their dying deeds shall tell !
 O how gloriously they fought !
 How triumphantly they fell !

One by one gave up the ghost,
 Slain, not conquer'd,—they died free !
ALBERT stood,—himself an host !
 Last of all the Swiss was He !

So, when night with rising shade
 Climbs the Alps from steep to steep,
 Till in hoary gloom array'd
 All the giant-mountains sleep—

High in heaven their monarch * stands,
 Bright and beauteous from afar,

* MONT BLANC; which is so much higher than the

Shining into distant lands
Like a new-created star.

While I struggled through the fight,
ALBERT was my sword and shield ;
Till strange horror quench'd my sight,
And I fainted on the field.

Slow awakening from that trance,
When my soul return'd to day,
Vanish'd were the fiends of France,
—But in **ALBERT**'s blood I lay !

surrounding Alps, that it catches and retains the beams of the sun *twenty minutes* earlier and later than they, and, crowned with eternal ice, may be seen from an immense distance, purpling with his eastern light, or crimsoned with his setting glory, while mist and obscurity rest on the mountains below.

Slain for me, his dearest breath
 On my lips he did resign;
 Slain for me, he snatch'd his death
 From the blow that menaced mine.

9

He had raised his dying head,
 And was gazing on my face ;
 As I woke,—the spirit fled,
 But I *felt* his last embrace.”

Shep. “ Man of suffering ! such a tale
 Would wring tears from marble eyes ! ”
Wand. “ Ha ! my daughter’s cheek grows pale ! ”
W.’s Wife. “ Help, O help ! my daughter dies ! ”

Wand. “ Calm thy transports, O my Wife !
 Peace for these sweet orphans’ sake ! ”
W.’s Wife. “ O my joy ! my hope ! my life !
 O my child ! my child ! awake ! ”

Wand. " God ! O God ! whose goodness gives ;
 God ! whose wisdom takes away ;
 Spare my child ! "

Shep. ——————" She lives ! she lives !"

Wand. " Lives ?—my daughter ! didst thou say ?

GOD ALMIGHTY ! on my knees,
 In the dust will I adore
 Thine unsearchable decrees ;
 —She was dead !—she lives once more !"

W.'s Daughter. " When poor ALBERT died, no prayer
 Call'd him back to hated life :
 O that I had perish'd there,
 Not his widow, but his wife !"

Wand. " Dare my daughter thus repine ?
 / ALBERT ! answer from above ;
 Tell me,—are these infants thine,
 Whom their mother does not love ?"

W.'s Dtr. " Does not love '—my Father, hear !

Hear me, or my heart will break !

Dear is life, but only dear,

For my parents', children's sake.

Bow'd to Heaven's mysterious will,

I am worthy yet of you :

Yes !—I am a mother still,

Though I feel a widow too !"

Wand. " Mother ! Widow ! Mourner !—all,

All kind names in one,—my Child !

On thy faithful neck I fall ;

Kiss me,—are we reconciled ?"

W.'s Dtr. " Yes, to ALBERT I appeal !—

ALBERT ! answer from above,

That my father's breast may feel

All his daughter's heart of love."

Shep.'s Wife. “ Faint and way-worn as they be
With the day's long journey, Sire !
Let thy pilgrim family
Now with me to rest retire.”

Wand. “ Yes, the hour invites to sleep ;
Till the morrow we must part ;
—Nay, my daughter ! do not weep,
Do not weep and break my heart.

Sorrow-soothing, sweet repose
On your peaceful pillows light ;
Angel-hands your eyelids close ;
Dream of Paradise to-night.”

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

THE
WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART V.

The Wanderer being left alone with the Shepherd, relates his adventures after the battle of Unterwalden.

Shep. " When the good man yields his breath,
/ (For the good man never dies,)
Bright beyond the gulph of death,
Lo! the land of promise lies.

/ Peace, to ALBERT's awful shade,
In that land where sorrows cease!
And to ALBERT's ashes, laid
In the earth's cold bosom, peace !"

Wand. “ On the fatal field I lay
Till the hour when twilight pale,
Like the ghost of dying day,
Wander’d down the darkening vale.

Then in agony I rose,
And with horror look’d around,
Where embracing, friends and foes,
Dead and dying, strew’d the ground.

Many a widow fixed her eye,
Weeping, where her husband bled,
Heedless, though her babe was by
Prattling to his father dead.

Many a mother, in despair
Turning up the ghastly slain,
Sought her son, her hero there,
Whom she long’d to seek in vain !

Dark the evening-shadows roll'd
On the eye that gleam'd in death ;
And the evening-dews fell cold
On the lip that gasp'd for breath.

As I gazed, an ancient dame,
—She was *childless* by her look !
With refreshing cordials came ;
Of her bounty I partook.

Then, with desperation bold,
ALBERT's precious corpse I bore
On these shoulders weak and old,
Bow'd with misery before.

/ ALBERT's angel gave me strength,
As I stagger'd down the glen ;
And I hid my charge at length
In its wildest, deepest den.

Then returning through the shade
 To the battle scene, I sought
 'Mongst the slain, an axe and spade ;—
 With such weapons **FREEMEN** fought.

Scythes for swords our youth did wield
 In that execrable strife :
 Ploughshares in that horrid field,
 Bled with slaughter, breathed with life !

In a dark and lonely cave,
 While the glimmering moon arose,
 Thus I dug my **ALBERT'S** grave ;
 There his hallow'd limbs repose.

Tears then, tears too long represt,
 Gush'd !—they fell like healing balm,
 Till the whirlwind in my breast
 Died into a dreary calm.

On the fresh earth's humid bed,
Where my martyr lay enshrined,
This forlorn unhappy head,
Crazed with anguish, I reclined.

But while o'er my weary eyes
Soothing slumber seem'd to creep,
Forth I sprang, with strange surprise,
From the clasping arms of sleep.

For the bones of ALBERT dead
Heaved the turf with horrid throes,
And his grave, beneath my head,
Burst asunder ;—ALBERT rose !

“ Ha ! my Son—my Son !”—I cried ;
“ Wherefore hast thou left thy grave ?”
—“ Fly, my father !”—he replied ;
“ Save my wife—my children save !”—

In the passing of a breath
This tremendous scene was o'er ;
Darkness shut the gates of Death,
Silence seal'd them as before.

One pale moment fix'd I stood
In astonishment severe ;
Horror petrified my blood,
I was wither'd up with fear.

Then a sudden trembling came
O'er my limbs ; I felt on fire,
Burning, quivering, like a flame
In the instant to expire."

Shep. " Rather like the mountain-oak,
Tempest-shaken, rooted fast,
Grasping strength from every stroke,
While it wrestles with the blast."

Wand. " Aye !—my heart, unwont to yield,
 / Quickly quell'd the strange affright,
 And undaunted o'er the field
 I began my lonely flight.

/ Loud the gusty night-wind blew ;—
 Many an awful pause between,
 Fits of light and darkness flew,
 Wild and sudden o'er the scene.

/ For the moon's resplendent eye
 Gleams of transient glory shed ;
 And the clouds, athwart the sky,
 Like a routed army fled.

/ Sounds and voices fill'd the vale,
 Heard alternate loud and low ;
 Shouts of victory swell'd the gale,
 But the breezes murmur'd woe.

As I climb'd the mountain's side,
Where the Lake and Valley meet,
All my country's power and pride
Lay in ruins at my feet.

On that grim and ghastly plain,
UNDERWALDEN'S heart-strings broke,
When she saw her heroes slain,
And her rocks receive the yoke.

On that plain, in childhood's hours,
From their mothers' arms set free,
Oft those heroes gather'd flowers,
Often chaced the wandering bee.

On that plain, in rosy youth,
They had fed their fathers' flocks,
Told their love, and pledged their truth,
In the shadow of those rocks.

There with shepherd's pipe and song,
 In the merry mingling dance,
 Once they led their brides along,
 Now! — Perdition seize thee, France!"

Shep. " Heard not Heaven th' accusing cries
 Of the blood that smoked around,
 While the life-warm sacrifice
 Palpitated on the ground ?"

Wand. " Wrath in silence heaps his store,
 To confound the guilty foe ;
 But the thunder will not roar
 Till the flash has struck the blow.

Vengeance, Vengeance will not stay !
 It shall burst on GALLIA's head,
 Sudden as the judgment-day
 To the unexpecting dead.

From the Revolution's flood
 Shall a fiery dragon start ;
 He shall drink his mother's blood,
 He shall eat his father's heart.

Nurst by Anarchy and Crime,
 He——but distance mocks my sight !
 O thou great avenger, TIME !
 Bring thy strangest birth to light.”

Shep. “ Prophet ! thou hast spoken well,
 And I deem thy words divine :
 Now the mournful sequel tell
 Of thy country's woes and thine.”

Wand. “ Though the moon's bewilder'd bark,
 By the midnight tempest toss'd,
 In a sea of vapours dark,
 In a gulph of clouds was lost ;

Still my journey I pursued,
 Climbing many a weary steep,
 Whence the closing scene I view'd
 With an eye that would not weep.

STANTZ—a melancholy pyre !
 And her hamlets, blazed behind,
 With ten thousand tongues of fire,
 Writhing, raging in the wind.*

Flaming piles, where'er I turn'd,
 Cast a grim and dreadful light ;
 Like funereal lamps they burn'd
 In the sepulchre of night;

* The town of **STANTZ**, and the surrounding villages, were burnt by the French on the night after the battle of **UNDERWALDEN**, and the beautiful valley was converted into a wilderness.

While the red illumin'd flood,
 With a hoarse and hollow roar,
 Seem'd a lake of living blood,
 Wildly weltering on the shore.

'Midst the mountains far away,
 Soon I spied the sacred spot,
 Whence a slow consuming ray
 Glimmer'd from my native cot.

At the sight my brain was fired,
 And afresh my heart's wounds bled :
 Still I gazed !—the spark expired—
 Nature seem'd extinct !—I fled.—

Fled ; and, ere the noon of day,
 Reach'd the lonely goat-herd's nest,
 Where my wife, my children lay—
 Husband ! Father !—think the rest.'"

THE
WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART VI.

The Wanderer informs the Shepherd, that, after the example of many of his Countrymen flying from the Tyranny of France, it is his intention to settle in some remote Province of America.

Shep. "Wanderer ! whither wouldst thou roam ?
To what region far away
Bend thy steps to find a home,
In the twilight of thy day ?"

Wand. "In the twilight of my day
I am hastening to the West ;
There my weary limbs to lay,
Where the Sun retires to rest."

Far beyond the Atlantic floods,
Stretch'd beneath the evening sky,
Realms of mountains, dark with woods,
In Columbia's bosom lie.

There, in glens and caverns rude,
Silent since the world began,
Dwells the virgin Solitude,
Unbetray'd by faithless man ;—

Where a tyrant never trod,
Where a slave was never known,
But where Nature worships God
In the wilderness alone ;

—Thither, thither would I roam ;
There my children may be free :
I for them will find a home,
They shall find a grave for me.

Though my fathers' bones afar
In their native land repose,
Yet beneath the twilight star
Soft on mine the turf shall close.

Though the mould that wraps my clay,
When this storm of life is o'er,
Never since creation lay
On a human breast before ;—

Yet in sweet communion there,
When she follows to the dead,
Shall my bosom's partner share
Her poor husband's lowly bed.

ALBERT's babes shall deck our grave,
And my daughter's duteous tears
Bid the flowery verdure wave
Through the winter-waste of years."

Shep. " Long before thy sun descend,
May thy woes and wanderings cease ;
Late and lovely be thine end ;
Hope and triumph, joy and peace !

As our lakes at day's decline,
Brighten through the gathering gloom,
May thy latest moments shine
Through the night-fall of the tomb !"

Wand. " Though our Parent perish'd here,
Like the Phœnix on her nest,
Lo ! new-fledged her wings appear,
Hovering in the golden west.

Thither shall her sons repair,
And beyond the roaring main
Find their native country there,
Find their SWITZERLAND again.

Mountains! can ye chain the will?
Ocean! canst thou quench the heart?
No! I feel my country still,
LIBERTY! where'er thou art.

Thus it was in hoary time,
When our fathers sallied forth,
Full of confidence sublime,
From the famine-wasted North.*

* There is a tradition among the SWISS, that they are descended from the ancient Scandinavians; among whom, in a remote age, there arose so grievous a famine, that it was determined in the Assembly of the Nation, that every tenth man and his family should quit their country, and seek a new possession. Six thousand, chosen by lot, thus emigrated at once from the North. They prayed to GOD to conduct them to a land like their own, where they might dwell in freedom and quiet, finding food for their families, and pasture for their cattle. GOD, says the tradition, led them to a valley among the Alps, where they cleared away the forests, built the town of SWITZ, and afterwards peopled and cultivated the cantons of URI and UNDERWALDEN.

“ Freedom, in a land of rocks
“ Wild as Scandinavia, give,
“ POWER ETERNAL!—where our flocks
“ And our little ones may live !”

Thus they pray'd ;——a secret hand
Led them, by a path unknown,
To that dear delightful land
Which I yet must call my own.

To the Vale of Switz they came :
Soon their meliorating toil
Gave the forests to the flame,
And their ashes to the soil.

Thence their ardent labours spread,
Till above the mountain-snows
Towering Beauty shew'd her head,
And a new creation rose !

—So, in regions wild and wide
 We will pierce the savage woods,
 Clothe the rocks in purple pride,
 Plough the vallies, tame the floods ;—

Till a beauteous inland-isle,
 By a forest-sea embraced,
 Shall make Desolation smile
 In the depth of his own waste.

There, unenvied and unknown,
 We shall dwell secure and free,
 In a country all our own,
 In a land of Liberty !”

Shep. “ Yet the woods, the rocks, the streams,
 Unbeloved, shall bring to mind,
 Warm with Evening’s purple beams,
 Dearer objects left behind—

And my native country's song,
 Caroll'd in a foreign clime,
 When new echoes shall prolong,
 —Simple, tender, and sublime,—

How will thy poor cheek turn pale !
 And, before thy banish'd eyes,
 UNDERWALDEN's charming vale,
 And thine own sweet cottage rise !”

Wand. “ By the glorious ghost of TELL !
 By MORGARTHEN's awful fray !
 By the field where ALBERT fell
 In thy last and bitter day !

SOUL OF SWITZERLAND, arise !
 —Ha ! the spell has waked the dead :
 From her ashes to the skies
 SWITZERLAND exalts her head.

See the Queen of Mountains stand,
 In immortal mail complete,
 With the lightning in her hand,
 And the Alps beneath her feet.

Hark ! her voice :—“ My sons ! awake !
 “ Freedom dawns, behold the day !
 “ From the bed of bondage break,
 “ ‘Tis your Mother calls,—obey !”

At the sound, our fathers’ graves,
 On each ancient battle-plain,
 Utter groans, and toss like waves
 When the wild blast sweeps the main.

Rise, my Brethren ! cast away
 All the chains that bind you slaves ;
 Rise !—your Mother’s voice obey,
 And appease your fathers’ graves !

Strike !—the conflict is begun ;
 Freemen ! Soldiers ! follow me !
 Shout !—the Victory is won,—
SWITZERLAND AND LIBERTY !”

Shep. “ Warrior ! Warrior ! stay thine arm !
 Sheathe, O sheathe thy frantic sword !”
Wand. “ Ah ! I rave !—I faint !—the charm
 Flies,—and memory is restored !

Yes, to agony restored
 From the too transporting charm :—
 Sleep for ever, O my sword !
 Be thou wither'd, O mine arm !

SWITZERLAND is but a name !
 ——Yet I feel, where'er I roam,
 That my heart is still the same,
SWITZERLAND is still my home !”.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose:

I long to lay this painful head
aching
And *sorrowing* heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery ~~stole~~^{mark'd} me at my birth,
 And cast me helpless on the wild :
 I perish ;—O my Mother Earth !

Take home thy Child !

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
 Shall gently moulder into thee ;
 Nor leave one wretched trace behind
 Resembling me.

Hark !—a strange sound affrights mine ear ;
 My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave ;
 —Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?
 —“ I am THE GRAVE ! ”

“ The GRAVE, that never spake before,
 Hath found at length a tongue to chide :
 O listen !—I will speak no more :—
 Be silent, Pride ! ”

“ Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care ?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair ?

“ Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest ?

“ Lash’d by the furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldest thou flee ?
Ah ! think not, hope not, Fool ! to find
A friend in me.

“ By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell !
By the dread secrets of my womb !
By Death and Hell !

“ I charge thee **LIVE** !—repent and pray;
In dust thine infamy deplore ;
There yet is mercy ;—go thy way,
And sin no more.

“ Art thou a **MOURNER** ?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights ?

“ O **LIVE** !—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past :
Rely on Heaven’s unchanging will
For peace at last.

“ Art thou a **WANDERER** ?—Hast thou seen
O’erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
A shipwreck’d sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune’s mark ?

“ Though long of winds and waves the sport,
 Condemn’d in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
 A quiet home.

“ To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
 And was thy Friend a deadly foe,
 Who stole into thy breast, to aim
 A surer blow ?

“ LIVE!—and repine not o’er his loss,
 A loss unworthy to be told :
 Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
 For friendship’s gold.

“ Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
 Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
 And sooth the bosom’s deepest wound
 With heavenly balm.

“ Did WOMAN’S charms thy youth beguile,
 And did the Fair One faithless prove ?
 Hath she betray’d thee with her smile,
 And sold thy love ?

“ LIVE !—’Twas a false bewildering fire :
 Too often Love’s insidious dart
 Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
 But kills the heart.

“ Thou yet shalt know, how sweet, how dear,
 To gaze on listening Beauty’s eye !
 To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
 Till she reply

A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
 A brighter maiden faithful prove ;
 Thy youth, thine age shall yet be blest
 In woman’s love.

“ —Whate’er thy lot,—Whoe’er thou be,—
 Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,
 And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of GOD.

“ A bruised reed he will not break ;
 Afflictions all his children feel ;
 He wounds them for his mercy’s sake.
He wounds to heal !

“ Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
 Prostrate his Providence adore :
 ’Tis done !—Arise ! HE bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

❖ “ Now, Traveller in the vale of tears !
 To realms of everlasting light,
 Through Time’s dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

“ There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found :
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
 Low in the ground ;

“ The Soul, of origin divine,
GOD’S glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven’s eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day !

“ The SUN is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
 SHALL NEVER DIE.”

THE LYRE.

“AH! WHO WOULD LOVE THE LYRE!”

W. B. STEVENS.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd
Down the green retiring vale,
Poor, forlorn ALCÆUS wander'd,
Pale with thought, serenely pale :
Timeless Sorrow o'er his face
Breath'd a melancholy grace,
And fix'd on every feature there
The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
 Once his dear companion, hung,
 And, in spirit deep dejected,
 Thus the pensive poet sung :
 While, at midnight's solemn noon,
 Sweetly shone the cloudless moon,
 And all the stars, around his head,
 Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

“ Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure,
 “ Solace of my bleeding heart !
 “ Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure,
 “ We must ever, ever part :
 “ For in vain thy poet sings,
 “ Wooes in vain thine heavenly strings ;
 “ The Muse’s wretched sons are born
 “ To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

“ That which ALEXANDER sigh’d for,
“ That which CÆSAR’s soul possess’d,
“ That which heroes, kings, have died for,
“ Glory!—animates my breast :
“ Hark ! the charging trumpets’ throats
“ Pour their death-defying notes ;
“ ‘ To arms !’ they call : to arms I fly,
“ Like WOLFE to conquer, and like WOLFE to die !

“ Soft!—the blood of murder’d legions
“ Summons vengeance from the skies ;
“ Flaming towns and ravaged regions,
“ All in awful judgment rise !—
“ O then, innocently brave,
“ I will wrestle with the wave ;
“ Lo ! Commerce spreads the daring sail,
“ And yokes her naval chariots to the gale,

“ Blow, ye breezes!—gently blowing,
“ Waft me to that happy shore,
“ Where from fountains ever flowing,
“ Indian realms their treasures pour;
“ Thence returning, poor in health,
“ Rich in honesty and wealth,
“ O'er thee, my dear paternal soil!
“ I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil.

“ Then shall Misery's sons and daughters
“ In their lowly dwellings sing:
“ Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
 Undiscover'd as the spring,
“ I will scatter o'er the land
“ Blessings with a secret hand;—
“ For such angelic tasks design'd,
“ I give the Lyre and sorrow to the wind.”

On an oak, whose branches hoary
Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
Sigh'd and told the simple story
Of the patriarch of trees ;
High in air his harp he hung,
Now no more to rapture strung ;
Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
Hark !—the Lyre enchant's the wind ;
Fond Alcæus listens, lingers,
—Lingering, listening, looks behind.
Now the music mounts on high,
Sweetly swelling through the sky ;
To every tone, with tender heat,
His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.

Now the strains to silence stealing,
Soft in ecstacies expire ;
Oh ! with what romantic feeling
Poor ALCÆUS grasps the Lyre !
Lo ! his furious hand he flings
In a tempest o'er the strings ;
He strikes the chords so quick, so loud,
'Tis JOVE that scatters lightning from a cloud !

“ Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure,
“ Solace of my bleeding heart ;
“ Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure,
“ We will never, never part !
“ Glory, Commerce, now in vain,
“ Tempt me to the field, the main ;
“ The Muse’s sons are blest, though born
“ To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

“ What, though all the world neglect me,
“ Shall my haughty soul repine ?
“ And shall poverty deject me,
“ While this hallow'd Lyre is mine ?
“ Heaven—that o'er my helpless head
“ Many a wrathful vial shed,—
“ Heaven gave this Lyre !—and thus decreed,
“ Be thou a *bris'd*, but not a *broken* reed !”

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

AH ! why, unfeeling WINTER ! why
Still flags thy torpid wing ?
Fly, melancholy Season, fly,
And yield the year to SPRING.

SPRING,—the young harbinger of love,
An exile in disgrace,—
Flits o'er the scene, like NOAH's dove,
Nor finds a resting-place.

When on the mountain's azure peak
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds,—and dark and bleak
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook, the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

She wooes her embryo-flowers in vain
To rear their infant heads ;—
Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms ;—
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay ;
And strain their little stammering throats,
To charm thy blasts away.

Ah, WINTER ! calm thy cruel rage,
Release the struggling year ;
Thy power is past, decrepid Sage !
Arise and disappear.

The stars that graced thy splendid night
Are lost in warmer rays ;
The Sun, rejoicing in his might,
Unrolls celestial days.

Then why, usurping WINTER, why
Still flags thy frozen wing ?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
And yield the year to SPRING !

SONG.

ROUND LOVE's Elysian bowers
The fairest prospects rise ;
There bloom the sweetest flowers,
There shine the purest skies :
And joy and rapture gild awhile
The cloudless heaven of BEAUTY's smile.

Round LOVE's deserted bowers
Tremendous rocks arise ;
Cold mildews blight the flowers,
Tornadoes rend the skies :
And PLEASURE's waning moon goes down
Amid the night of BEAUTY's frown.

Then YOUTH, thou fond believer !

The wily Syren shun :

Who trusts the dear Deceiver

Will surely be undone !

When BEAUTY triumphs, ah ! beware !—

Her smile is hope !—her frown despair !

THE FOWLER.

A SONG.

*Altered from a German Air, in the Opera of
“ Die Zauberflöte.”*

SET TO MUSIC BY MOZART.

A CARELESS whistling lad am I,
On sky-lark wings my moments fly ;
There's not a FOWLER more renown'd
In all the world—for ten miles round !
Ah ! who like me can spread the net ?
Or tune the merry flageolet ?
Then why—O why should I repine,
Since all the roving birds are mine ?

The thrush and linnet in the vale,
The sweet sequester'd nightingale,
The bullfinch, wren, and woodlark—all
Obey my summons when I call.
O ! could I form some cunning snare
To catch the coy, coquetting fair,
In CUPID's filmy web so fine,
The pretty girls should all be mine !

When all were mine—among the rest,
I'd choose the Lass I liked the best ;
And should my charming mate be kind,
And smile and kiss me to my mind,
With her I'd tie the nuptial knot,]
Make HYMEN's cage of my poor cot,
And love away this fleeting life,
Like Robin Redbreast and his wife !

SONG.

Written for a Convivial Society, whose Motto was
“ **FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.**”

WHEN “ Friendship, Love, and Truth ” abound
Among a band of BROTHERS,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others :
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow :
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow :
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy “ **FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH !** ”

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life’s cruel cares beguiling ;

Old TIME lays down his scythe and glass,
 In gay good humour smiling :
 With ermine beard and forelock grey,
 His reverend front adorning,
 He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
 Night soften'd into morning !
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy " FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH !"

From these delightful fountains flow
 Ambrosial rills of pleasure :—
 Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
 A more resplendent treasure ?
 Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
 We'll form a Constellation,
 Where every Star, with modest light,
 Shall gild his proper station.
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy " FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH !"

RELIGION.

AN OCCASIONAL HYMN.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound
The fainting traveller winds his way ;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night !

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below
Pursue the phantom Bliss, in vain
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain !

Till mild RELIGION, from above,
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm !

Then guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease ;
RELIGION's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod ;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living GOD.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach the Grave appears
The Gate of Paradise restored ;
Her voice the watching Cherub hears,
And drops his double-flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain ;
Rise when the Host of Heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign !

“THE JOY OF GRIEF.”

OSSIAN.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh ;
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion,
Tremble through your troubled breast;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest ?

Have you lost a friend, or brother ?
Heard a father's parting breath ?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem to wake from death ?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms, before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes that broke on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remember'd bliss?
Did you not, with feryour frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but, when you had resign'd her,
Life and you were reconciled;
ANNA left—she left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moss peeping,
His poor mother's grave array'd,
In that grave the infant sleeping
On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then, your heart congealing,
 Chill'd you with intense despair ;
 Can you call to mind the feeling ;—
 No ! there was no feeling there !

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
 When you woke to pangs unknown,
 How unwelcome was the morrow,
 For it rose on YOU ALONE.

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
 Can the poor heart always ache ?
 No, the tortured nerve will languish,
 Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of Sadness
 One faint smile of comfort stole ;
 One soft pang of tender gladness
 Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd;
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss for ever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
Heard a dear dead father speak;
Proved the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek!

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
 You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
 And received your infant smiling
 From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
 While you mourn'd the vision gone,
 Bright the morning star arising
 Open'd heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,
 Rose in ecstacy sublime,
 Thither all your hopes ascending
 Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
 Have you known such sweet relief?
 Yes, my friend! and by this token,
 You have felt "THE JOY OF GRIEF."

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

* * * At Thebes, in Ancient Egypt, was erected a statue of Memnon, with a harp in his hand, which is said to have hailed with delightful music the rising sun, and in melancholy tones to have mourned his departure. The introduction of this celebrated Lyre, on a modern occasion, will be censured as an anachronism by those only who think that its chords have been touched unskilfully.

HARP of Memnon ! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres ;
While the HERO's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

As the Sun's descending beams,
Glancing o'er thy feeling wire,
Kindle every chord that gleams
Like a ray of heavenly fire :

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Sooth the dying, while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

Bright as VENUS, newly born,
Blushing at her maiden charms;
Fresh from ocean rose the Morn,
When the trumpet blew to arms.

O that Time had staid his flight,
Ere that Morning left the main !
Fatal as the EGYPTIAN night,
When the eldest born were slain !

Lash'd to madness by the wind,
As the Red Sea surges roar,
Leave a gloomy gulph behind,
And devour the shrinking shore;

Thus, with overwhelming pride,
GALLIA's brightest, boldest boast;
 In a deep and dreadful tide,
 Roll'd upon the **BRITISH** host.

Dauntless these their station held,
 Though, with unextinguish'd ire,
GALLIA's legions, thrice repell'd,
 Thrice return'd through blood and fire.

Thus, above the storms of time,
 Towering to the sacred spheres,
 Stand the Pyramids sublime,—
 Rocks amid the flood of years !

Now the veteran **CHIEF** drew nigh,
 Conquest towering on his crest,
 Valour beaming from his eye,
 Pity bleeding in his breast.

BRITAIN saw him thus advance
In her Guardian-Angel's form ;
But he lower'd on hostile FRANCE,
Like the Demon of the Storm.

On the whirlwind of the war
High he rode in vengeance dire ;
To his friends a leading star,
To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty pour'd their breath,
Slaughter feasted on the brave ;
'Twas the Carnival of Death !
'Twas the Vintage of the Grave !

Charged with ABERCROMBIE's doom,
Lightning wing'd a cruel ball :
'Twas the Herald of the Tomb,
And the HERO felt the call.

Felt—and raised his arm on high;
Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
And the force of FRANCE o'erthrew.

But the horrors of that fight,
Were the weeping MUSE to tell;
O 'twould cleave the womb of night,
And awake the dead that fell!

Gash'd with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.

Yet shall Memory mourn that day,
When with expectation pale
Of her soldier far away,
The poor widow hears the tale.

In imagination wild,
 She shall wander o'er this plain ;
 Rave,—and bid her orphan child
 Seek his sire among the slain.

Gently, from the western deep,
 O ye evening breezes rise !
 O'er the Lyre of MEMNON sweep,
 Wake its spirit with your sighs.

Harp of MEMNON ! sweetly strung
 To the music of the spheres ;
 While the HERO's dirge is sung,
 Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers soft and slow
 O'er the plain with carnage spread,
 Sooth the dying, while they flow
 To the memory of the dead.

None but solemn, tender tones,
 Tremble from thy plaintive wires :
 Hark ! the wounded WARRIOR groans !
 Hush thy warbling !—he expires.

Hush !—while Sorrow wakes and weeps ;
 O'er his relics cold and pale,
 Night her silent vigil keeps,
 In a mournful moonlight veil.

Harp of MEMNON ! from afar,
 Ere the lark salute the sky,
 Watch the rising of the star
 That proclaims the morning nigh.

Soon the Sun's ascending rays,
 In a flood of hallow'd fire
 O'er thy kindling chords shall blaze,
 And thy magic soul inspire.

Then thy tones triumphant pour,
Let them pierce the HERO's grave;
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
O how sweetly sleep the brave!

From the dust their laurels bloom,
High they shoot, and flourish free;
Glory's temple is the tomb !
Death is immortality !

THE PILLOW.

THE head that oft this PILLOW pressed,
That aching head, is gone to rest ;
Its little pleasures now no more,
And all its mighty sorrows o'er,
For ever, in the worm's dark bed,
For ever sleeps that humble head !

MY FRIEND was young, the world was new ;
The world was false, MY FRIEND was true ;
Lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
His fortune hard, MY FRIEND was poor ;

To wisdom he had no pretence,
A child of suffering, not of sense ;
For NATURE never did impart
A weaker or a warmer heart.

His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
Consumed its frail terrestrial frame ;
That fire from Heaven so fiercely burn'd,
That whence it came it soon return'd :
And yet, O PILLOW ! yet to me,
My gentle FRIEND survives in thee ;
In thee, the partner of his bed,
In thee, the widow of the dead !

On HELICON'S inspiring brink,
Ere yet MY FRIEND had learn'd to think,
Once as he pass'd the careless day
Among the whispering reeds at play,
The MUSE OF SORROW wander'd by ;
Her pensive beauty fix'd his eye ;

With sweet astonishment he smiled ;
The Gipsey saw—she stole the child ;
And soft on her ambrosial breast
Sang the delighted babe to rest ;
Convey'd him to her ínmost grove,
And loved him with a Mother's love.

Awaking from his rosy nap,
And gayly sporting on her lap,
His wanton fingers o'er her lyre
Twinkled like electric fire :
Quick and quicker as they flew,
Sweet and sweeter tones they drew :
Now a bolder hand he flings,
And dives among the deepest strings ;
Then forth the music brake like thunder ;
Back he started, wild with wonder !
The MUSE OF SORROW wept for joy,
And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.

Ah ! then no more his smiling hours
Were spent in Childhood's Eden-bowers ;
The fall from Infant-innocence,
The fall to knowledge drives us thence :
O Knowledge ! worthless at the price,
Bought with the loss of PARADISE !
As happy ignorance declined,
And reason rose upon his mind,
Romantic hopes and fond desires
(Sparks of the soul's immortal fires !)
Kindled within his breast the rage
To breathe through every future age,
To clasp the flitting shade of fame,
To build an everlasting name,
O'erleap the narrow vulgar span,
And live beyond the life of man !

Then NATURE's charms his heart possessed,
And NATURE's glory fill'd his breast :

The sweet Spring-morning's infant rays,
Meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
Maturer Autumn's evening mild,
And hoary Winter's midnight wild,
Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue ;
For every scene he loved, he sung.
Rude were his songs, and simple truth,
Till Boyhood blossom'd into Youth :
Then nobler themes his fancy fired,
To bolder flights his soul aspired ;
And as the new-moon's opening eye
Broadens and brightens through the sky,
From the dim streak of western light
To the full orb that rules the night ;
Thus, gathering lustre in its race,
And shining through unbounded space,
From earth to Heaven his GENIUS soar'd,
Time and eternity explored,

And hail'd, where'er its footsteps trod,
In NATURE's temple, NATURE's GOD :
Or pierced the human breast to scan
The hidden majesty of Man ;
Man's hidden weakness too descried,
His glory, grandeur, meanness, pride ;
Pursued along their erring course,
The streams of passion to their source ;
Or in the mind's creation sought
New stars of fancy, worlds of thought !

— Yet still through all his strains would flow
A tone of uncomplaining woe,
Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
Soft as the slumbering Infant's sigh,
So sweetly, exquisitely wild,
It spake the MUSE OF SORROW's child.

O PILLOW ! then, when light withdrew,
To thee the fond enthusiast flew ;

On thee, in pensive mood reclined,
He pour'd his contemplative mind,
Till o'er his eyes with mild controul,
Sleep like a soft enchantment stole,
Charm'd into life his airy schemes,
And realized his waking dreams.

Soon from those waking dreams he woke,
The fairy spell of fancy broke;
In vain he breathed a soul of fire
Through every chord that strung his lyre.
No friendly echo cheer'd his tongue,
Amidst the wilderness he sung;
Louder and bolder bards were crown'd,
Whose dissonance his music drown'd :
The public ear, the public voice,
Despised his song, denied his choice,
Denied a name,—a life in death,
Denied—a bubble and a breath.

Stript of his fondest, dearest claim,
And disinherited of fame,
To thee, O PILLOW! thee alone,
He made his silent anguish known ;
His haughty spirit scorn'd the blow
That laid his high ambition low ;
But ah ! his looks assumed in vain
A cold ineffable disdain,
While deep he cherish'd in his breast
The scorpion that consumed his rest.

Yet other secret griefs had he,
O PILLOW ! only told to thee :
Say, did not hopeless love intrude
On his poor bosom's solitude ?
Perhaps on thy soft lap reclined,
In dreams the cruel FAIR was kind,
That more intensely he might know
The bitterness of waking woe.

Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd,
 To thee in midnight groans reveal'd ;
 They stung remembrance to despair ;
 " A wounded Spirit who can bear !"
 Meanwhile Disease, with slow decay,
 Moulder'd his feeble frame away ;
 And as his evening sun declined,
 The shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
 What doubts and terrors then possess'd
 The dark dominion of his breast !
 How did delirious fancy dwell
 On Madness, Suicide, and Hell !
 There was on earth no POWER to save :
 ——But, as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
 He saw from realms of light descend
 The friend of him who has no friend,
 RELIGION !——Her almighty breath
 Rebuked the winds and waves of death ;

She bade the storm of frenzy cease,
And smiled a calm, and whisper'd peace ;
Amidst that calm of sweet repose,
To HEAVEN his gentle Spirit rose.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOSEPH BROWNE,
OF LOTHERSDALE,

ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS,

*Who had suffered a long Confinement in the Castle of York,
and Loss of all his worldly Property, for
Conscience' Sake.*

“ SPIRIT, leave thine house of clay :
Lingering Dust, resign thy breath !
Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death !”

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed ;
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransom'd captive fled.

“ Prisoner, long detain’d below ;
 Prisoner, now with freedom blest ;
 Welcome, from a world of woe,
 Welcome to a land of rest !”

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL sang,
 As he bore thy soul on high ;
 While with Hallelujahs rang
 All the region of the sky.

—Ye that mourn a FATHER’s loss,
 Ye that weep a FRIEND no more !
 Call to mind the CHRISTIAN cross,
 Which your FRIEND, your FATHER bore.

Grief and penury and pain
 Still attended on his way,
 And Oppression’s scourge and chain,
 More unmerciful than they.

Yet while travelling in distress,
('Twas the eldest curse of sin)
Through the world's waste wilderness,
He had paradise within.

And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the MOURNER walk'd with GOD.

Till his MASTER, from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the WANDERER home.

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his soul aspire;
When his mantle dropp'd behind?

Ye who caught it as it fell,
 Bind that mantle round your breast;
 So in you his meekness dwell,
 So on you his spirit rest !

Yet, rejoicing in his lot,
 Still shall Memory love to weep
 O'er the venerable spot
 Where his dear cold relics sleep.

Grave ! the guardian of his dust,
 Grave ! the treasury of the skies,
 Every atom of thy trust
 Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark ! the judgment-trumpet calls—
 “ Soul, rebuild thine house of clay ;
 IMMORTALITY thy walls,
 And ETERNITY thy day !”

THE THUNDER-STORM.

O FOR Evening's brownest shade !

Where the breezes play by stealth
In the forest-cinctured glade,
Round the hermitage of HEALTH :
While the noon-bright mountains blaze
In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the sick and sultry plains,

Through the dim delirious air,
Agonizing silence reigns,
And the wanness of despair :
NATURE faints with fervent heat,
Ah ! her pulse hath ceased to beat !

Now in deep and dreadful gloom,
 Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
 Black as if the day of doom
 Hung o'er NATURE's shrinking head :
 Lo ! the lightning breaks from high,
 —God is coming !—God is nigh !

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,
 As the mighty thunder rolls ?
 NATURE, startled NATURE reels,
 From the centre to the poles ;
 Tremble !—Ocean, Earth, and Sky !
 Tremble !—God is passing by !

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
 His mysterious hiding-place ;
 Should He, from his ark of storms,
 Rend the veil, and shew his face,

At the judgment of his eye,
All the universe would die:

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
Hail and rain tempestuous fall ;
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
Desolation threatens all ;
Struggling NATURE gasps for breath
In the agony of death.

GOD OF VENGEANCE, from above

While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember thou art LOVE !
Spare ! O spare a guilty world !
Stay Thy flaming wrath a while,
See Thy bow of promise smile !

Welcome, in the eastern cloud,
Messenger of Mercy still !

Now, ye winds ! proclaim aloud,
“ Peace on Earth, to Man good will !”
NATURE ! God’s repenting Child,
See thy Parent reconciled !

Hark ! the nightingale, afar,
Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
And awakes the evening star
In the rosy-tinted west :
While the moon’s enchanting eye
Opens Paradise on high !

Cool and tranquil is the night,
NATURE’s sore afflictions cease,
For the storm, that spent its might,
Was a covenant of peace :
VENGEANCE drops her harmless rod !
MERCY is the POWER OF GOD !

ODE
TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF BRITAIN,
On the Prospect of Invasion.

O FOR the death of those
Who for their country die,
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And triumph where they lie !

How beautiful in death
The WARRIOR's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION's breath,
And bathed in WOMAN's tears !

Their loveliest native earth
Enshrines the fallen brave ;
In the dear land that gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

—But the wild waves shall sweep
BRITANNIA'S foes away,
And the blue monsters of the deep
Be surfeited with prey!—

No!—they have 'scaped the waves,
'Scaped the sea-monsters' maws;
They come! but O shall **GALLIC SLAVES**
Give **ENGLISH FREEMEN** laws?

By **ALFRED'S** Spirit, No!
—Ring, ring the loud alarms;
Ye drums awake, ye clarions blow,
Ye heralds, shout “To arms!”

To arms our Heroes fly;
And, leading on their lines,
The **BRITISH BANNER** in the sky,
The star of conquest shines.

The lowering battle forms
 Its terrible array ;
 Like clashing clouds in mountain-storms,
 That thunder on their way.

The rushing armies meet ;
 And while they pour their breath,
 The strong earth shudders at their feet,
 The day grows dim with death.

—Ghosts of the mighty dead !
 Your children's hearts inspire :
 And while they on your ashes tread,
 Rekindle all your fire.

The dead to life return ;
 Our Fathers' spirits rise !
 —My brethren ! in YOUR breasts they burn,
 They sparkle in YOUR eyes.

Now launch upon the foe
 The lightning of your rage !
 Strike, strike the assailing giants low,
 The TITANS of the age.

They yield,—they break,—they fly ;
 The victory is won :
 Pursue !——they faint—they fall,—they die :
 O stay !——the work is done.

SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE ! rest :
 Sweet MERCY cries, “ Forbear ! ”
 She clasps the vanquish'd to her breast ;
 Thou wilt not pierce them there ?

—Thus vanish BRITAIN's foes
 From her consuming eye ;
 But rich be the reward of those
 Who conquer,—those who die !

O'ershadowing laurels deck
 The living HERO's brows ;
 But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck,
 —His children and his spouse !

Exulting o'e his lot,
 The dangers he has braved ;
 He clasps the dear ones, hails the cot,
 Which his own valour saved.

DAUGHTERS OF ALBION ! weep ;
 On this triumphant plain,
 Your fathers, husbands, brethren sleep,
 For you and freedom slain.

O gently close the eye
 That loved to look on you ;
 O seal the lip whose earliest sigh,
 Whose latest breath was true :

With knots of sweetest flowers
Their winding-sheet perfume ;
And wash their wounds with true-love showers,
And dress them for the tomb.

For beautiful in death
The WARRIOR's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION's breath,
And bathed in WOMAN's tears.

— Give me the death of those
Who for their country die ;
And O be mine like their repose,
When cold and low they lie !

Their loveliest mother Earth
Enshrines the fallen brave,
In her sweet lap who gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

THE VIGIL OF ST MARK.

RETURNING from their evening walk,
On yonder ancient stile,
In sweet, romantic, tender talk,
Two lovers paused awhile :

EDMUND, the monarch of the dale,
All-conscious of his powers ;
ELLA, the lily of the vale,
The rose of AUBURN's bowers !

In airy LOVE's delightful bands
He held her heart in vain ;
The Nymph denied her willing hands
To HYMEN's awful chain.

“ Ah ! why,” said he, “ our bliss delay ?
 “ Mine ELLA ! why so cold ?
 “ Those who but love from day to day,
 “ From day to day grow old.

“ The bounding arrow cleaves the sky,
 “ Nor leaves a trace behind ;
 “ And single lives like arrows fly,
 “ —They vanish thro’ the wind.

“ In wedlock’s sweet endearing lot
 “ Let us improve the scene,
 “ That some may be, when we are not,
 “ To tell—that we have been.”

“ ’Tis now,” replied the village Belle,
 “ Saint Mark’s mysterious eve ;
 “ And all that old traditions tell
 “ I tremblingly believe :—

“ How, when the midnight signal tolls,

“ Along the church-yard green,

“ A mournful train of sentenced souls

“ In winding-sheets are seen !

“ The ghosts of all whom DEATH shall doom

“ Within the coming year,

“ In pale procession walk the gloom,

“ Amid the silence drear !

“ If EDMUND, bold in conscious might,

“ By love severely tried,

“ Can brave the terrors of to-night,

“ ELLA will be his bride.”

She spake,—and, like the nimble fawn,

From EDMUND’s presence fled :

He sought, across the rural lawn,

The dwelling of the dead !

That silent, solemn, simple spot,
The mouldering realm of peace,
Where human passions are forgot !
Where human follies cease !

The gliding moon, through heaven serene
Pursued her tranquil way,
And shed o'er all the sleeping scene
A soft nocturnal day.

With swelling heart and eager feet
Young EDMUND gain'd the church,
And chose his solitary seat
Within the dreadful porch.

Thick, threatening clouds assembled soon,
Their dragon wings display'd ;
Eclipsed the slow retiring moon,
And quench'd the stars in shade.

Amid the deep abyss of gloom
 No ray of beauty smiled,
 Save, glistening o'er some haunted tomb,
 The glow-worm's lustre mild.

The village watch-dogs bay'd around,
 The long grass whistled drear,
 The steeple trembled to the ground,
 Ev'n EDMUND quaked with fear.

All on a sudden died the blast,
 Dumb horror chill'd the air,
 While NATURE seem'd to pause aghast,
 In uttermost despair.

—Twelve times the midnight herald toll'd,
 As oft did EDMUND start ;
 For every stroke fell dead and cold
 Upon his fainting heart.

Then glaring through the ghastly gloom,
 Along the church-yard green,
 The destin'd victims of the tomb
 In winding sheets were seen.

In that strange moment EDMUND stood,
 Sick with severe surprise ;
 While creeping horror drank his blood,
 And fix'd his flinty eyes.

He saw the secrets of the grave !
 He saw the face of DEATH !
 No pitying power appear'd to save—
 He gasp'd away his breath !

Yet still the scene his soul beguiled,
 And every spectre cast
 A look unutterably wild,
 On EDMUND as they pass'd.

All on the ground entranced he lay ;

At length the vision broke !

—When, lo !—a kiss as cold as clay,

The slumbering youth awoke.

That moment through a rifted cloud,

The darting moon display'd,

Robed in a melancholy shroud,

The image of a maid.

Her dusky veil aside she threw,

And shew'd a face most fair ;

“ —My Love ! my ELLA !” EDMUND flew,

And clasp'd the yielding air !

“ Ha ! who art thou ?” His cheek grew pale :

A well-known voice replied,

“ ELLA, the lily of the vale !

“ ELLA—thy destin'd bride !”

To win his neck, her airy arms
The pallid phantom spread ;
Recoiling from her blasted charms,
The affrighted lover fled.

To shun the visionary maid
His speed outstript the wind ;
But,—though unseen to move,—the shade
Was evermore behind !

So DEATH's unerring arrows glide,
Yet seem suspended still ;
Nor pause, nor shrink, nor turn aside,
But smite, subdue, and kill.

O'er many a mountain, moor, and vale,
On that tremendous night,
The ghost of ELLA, wild and pale,
Pursued her lover's flight.

But when the dawn began to gleam,
 Ere yet the morning shone,
 She vanish'd like a nightmare-dream,
 And EDMUND stood alone.

Three days, bewilder'd and forlorn,
 He sought his home in vain ;
 At length he hail'd the hoary thorn
 That crown'd his native plain.

'Twas evening :—all the air was balm,
 The heavens serenely clear ;
 When the soft music of a psalm
 Came pensive o'er his ear.

Then sunk his heart ;—a strange surmise
 Made all his blood run cold :
 He flew,—a funeral met his eyes !
 He paused,—a death-bell toll'd.

“ ‘Tis she ! ‘tis she !”—He burst away ;
And bending o’er the spot
Where all that once was ELLA lay,
He all beside forgot !

A maniac now, in dumb despair,
With love-bewilder’d mien,
He wanders, weeps, and watches there,
Among the hillocks green.

And every Eve of pale ST MARK,
As village hinds relate,
He walks with ELLA in the dark,
And reads the rolls of Fate !

HANNAH.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart :
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
—I never felt so sweet a pain !

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid :
I stole her hand,—it shrunk,—but no !
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my HANNAH'S downcast eye,
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamour'd, wooes young May ;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the Sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frightened dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love ;
Ah ! that so bright a morn, so soon,
Should vanish in so dark a noon !

The angel of affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes ;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood,—and all his wrath defied ;
I stood,—though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shun'd my nymph ;— and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye :
I shun'd her—for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest ;
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mil
The sea of youth and pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To HANNAH's cot I took my way :
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
 I lived my wooing days once more :
 And fancy sketch'd my married lot,
 My wife, my children, and my cot !

I saw the village steeple rise,—
 My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes ;
 The rural bells rang sweet and clear,—
 My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet :—all was gay ;
 I love a rustic holiday !
 I met a wedding,—stepp'd aside ;
 It pass'd ;—my HANNAH was the bride !

—There is a grief that cannot feel ;
 It leaves a wound that will not heal ;
 —My heart grew cold,—it felt not then ;
 When shall it cease to feel again ?

A FIELD FLOWER;

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM, ON CHRISTMAS DAY,

1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis FLORA's page :—in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

THE SNOW-DROP.

WINTER, retire !

Thy reign is past ;

Hoary Sire !

Yield the sceptre of thy sway,

Sound thy trumpet in the blast,

And call thy storms away ;

Winter, retire !

Wherfore do thy wheels delay ?

Mount the chariot of thine ire,

And quit the realms of day ;

On thy state

Whirlwinds wait ;

And blood-shot meteors lend thee light ;

Hence to dreary arctic regions
Summon thy terrific legions ;
Hence to caves of northern night
Speed thy flight.

From halcyon seas
And purer skies,
O southern breeze !
Awake, arise :
Breath of heaven ! benignly blow,
Melt the snow ;
Breath of heaven ! unchain the floods,
Warm the woods,
And make the mountains flow.

Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,
The freshening gale
Embalms the vale,
And breathes enchantment through the air :

On its wing
 Floats the Spring,
 With glowing eye, and golden hair :
 Dark before her Angel-form
 She drives the Demon of the storm,
 Like Gladness chasing Care.

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
 Lo ! the young romantic Hours
 Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
 To behold the SNOW-DROP white
 Start to light,
 And shine in FLORA's desart bowers,
 Beneath the vernal dawn,
 The Morning Star of Flowers !

O welcome to our isle,
 Thou Messenger of Peace !

At whose bewitching smile
The embattled tempests cease :
Emblem of Innocence and Truth !
Firstborn of Nature's womb,
When strong in renovated youth,
She bursts from Winter's tomb ;
Thy parent's eye hath shed
A precious dew-drop on thine head,
Frail as a mother's tear
Upon her infant's face,
When ardent hope to tender fear,
And anxious love, gives place.
But lo ! the dew-drop flits away,
The sun salutes thee with a ray
Warm as a mother's kiss
Upon her infant's cheek,
When the heart bounds with bliss,
And joy that cannot speak !

—When I meet thee by the way,
Like a pretty, sportive child,
On the winter-wasted wild,
With thy darling breeze at play,
Opening to the radiant sky
All the sweetness of thine eye ;
—Or bright with sunbeams, fresh with showers,
O thou Fairy-Queen of flowers !
Watch thee o'er the plain advance
At the head of FLORA's dance ;
Simple SNOW-DROP ! then in thee
All thy sister-train I see :
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the rose :
All the beauties that appear
On the bosom of the Year,
All that wreath the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,

Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
 —All to thee their tribute bring,
 Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
 —Their hues, their odours all are thine !
 For while thy humble form I view,
 The Muse's keen prophetic sight
 Brings fair futurity to light,
 And fancy's magic makes the vision true.

—There is a Winter in my soul,
 The Winter of despair ;
 O when shall Spring its rage controul ?
 When shall the SNOW-DROP blossom there ?
 Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
 A dawn of glory on my heart,
 But quickly pass away :
 Thus Northern-lights the gloom adorn,
 And give the promise of a morn
 That never turns to day !

—But hark ! methinks I hear
A small still whisper in mine ear ;
“ Rash Youth, repent !
“ Afflictions, from above,
“ Are angels sent
“ On embassies of love.
“ A fiery legion at thy birth,
“ Of chastening woes were given,
“ To pluck the flowers of Hope from earth,
“ And plant them high
“ O'er yonder sky,
“ Transform'd to stars,—and fix'd in heaven.”

THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT SCARBOROUGH, IN THE SUMMER OF
1805.

ALL hail to the ruins,* the rocks and the shores!
Thou wide-rolling OCEAN, all hail!
Now brilliant with sunbeams, and dimpled with
oars,
Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,
While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,
And the silver-wing'd sea-fowl on high,
Like meteors bespangle the sky,
Or dive in the gulph, or triumphantly ride,
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.

* Scarborough Castle.

From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,
With eager and awful delight,
From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee;
I gaze,—and am changed at the sight :
For mine eye is illumined, my Genius takes flight,
My soul, like the sun, with a glance
Embraces the boundless expanse,
And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,
From the day-darting zone to the night-shadow'd
pole.

My spirit descends where the day-spring is born,
Where the billows are rubies on fire,
And the breezes that rock the light cradle of morn
Are sweet as the Phœnix's pyre :
O regions of beauty, of love, and desire !
O gardens of Eden ! in vain
Placed far on the fathomless main,

Where Nature with Innocence dwelt in her youth,
When pure was her heart, and unbroken her truth.

But now the fair rivers of Paradise wind
Through countries and kingdoms o'erthrown ;
Where the giant of Tyranny crushes mankind,
Where he reigns,—and will soon reign alone ;
For wide and more wide, o'er the sun-beaming
zone,

He stretches his hundred-fold arms,
Despoiling, destroying its charms ;
Beneath his broad footstep the Ganges is dry,
And the mountains recoil from the flash of his eye.

Thus the pestilent Upas, the Demon of trees,
Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,
And with livid contagion polluting the breeze,
Its mildewing influence sheds ;

The birds on the wing, and the flowers in their
beds,
Are slain by its venomous breath,
That darkens the noon-day with death,
And pale ghosts of travellers wander around,
While their mouldering skeletons whiten the
ground.

Ah ! why hath JEHOVAH, in forming the world,
With the waters divided the land,
His ramparts of rocks round the continent hurl'd,
And cradled the Deep in his hand,
If man may transgress his eternal command,
And leap o'er the bounds of his birth
To ravage the uttermost earth,
And violate nations and realms that should be
Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea !

There are, gloomy OCEAN ! a brotherless clan,
Who traverse thy banishing waves,
The poor disinherited outcasts of man,
Whom Avarice coins into slaves !
From the homes of their kindred, their forefathers'
 graves,
Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,
They are dragged on the hoary abyss ;
The shark hears their shrieks, and, ascending to
 day,
Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey.

Then joy to the tempest that whelms them be-
 neath,
And makes their destruction its sport !
But woe to the winds that propitiously breathe,
And waft them in safety to port !
Where the vultures and vampires of Mammon
 resort ;

Where Europe exultingly drains
 The life-blood from Africa's veins ;
 Where man rules o'er man with a merciless rod,
 And spurns at his footstool the image of God !

The hour is approaching,—a terrible hour !
 And Vengeance is bending her bow ;
 Already the clouds of the hurricane lour,
 And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow :
 Back rolls the huge OCEAN, Hell opens below :
 The floods return headlong,—they sweep
 The slave-cultured lands to the deep ;
 In a moment entomb'd in the horrible void,
 By their Maker Himself in his anger destroy'd.

Shall this be the fate of the cane-planted isles,
 More lovely than clouds in the west,
 When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles
 Sinks softly and sweetly to rest ?

—NO!—Father of mercy! befriend the opprest;
 At the voice of thy gospel of peace,
 May the sorrows of Africa cease;
 And the slave and his master devoutly unite
 To walk in thy freedom, and dwell in thy light !*

As homeward my weary-wing'd Fancy extends
 Her star-lighted course through the skies,
 High over the mighty Atlantic ascends,
 And turns upon Europe her eyes :
 Ah me ! what new prospects, new horrors arise !
 I see the war-tempested flood
 All foaming, and panting with blood ;
 The panic-struck OCEAN in agony roars,
 Rebounds from the battle, and flies to his shores.

* Alluding to the glorious success of the Moravian Missionaries among the Negroes in the West Indies.

For BRITANNIA is wielding the trident to-day,
 Consuming her foes in her ire,
 And hurling her thunder with absolute sway,
 From her wave-ruling chariots of fire:
 —She triumphs ;—the winds and the waters con-
 spire
 To spread her invincible name ;
 —The universe rings with her fame ;
 —But the cries of the fatherless mix with her praise,
 And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays !

O Britain ! dear Britain ! the land of my birth ;
 O Isle, most enchantingly fair !
 Thou Pearl of the Ocean ! Thou Gem of the
 Earth !
 O my Mother ! my Mother ! beware ;
 For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare :

O let not thy birth-right be sold
 For reprobate glory and gold :
 Thy distant dominions like wild graftings shoot,
 They weigh down thy trunk,—they will tear up thy
 root :—

The root of thine OAK, O my Country ! that stands
 Rock-planted, and flourishing free ;
 Its branches are stretch'd o'er the uttermost lands,
 And its shadow eclipses the sea :
 The blood of our ancestors nourish'd the tree ;
 From their tombs, from their ashes it sprung ;
 Its boughs with their trophies are hung ;
 Their spirit dwells in it :—and hark ! for it spoke ;
 The voice of our fathers ascends from their Oak.

“ Ye Britons, who dwell where we conquer'd of old,
 Who inherit our battle-field graves ;

Though poor were your fathers,—gigantic and bold,
We were not, we could not be, slaves ;
But firm as our rocks, and as free as our waves,
The spears of the Romans we broke,
We never stoop'd under their yoke ;
In the shipwreck of nations we stood up alone,—
The world was great CÆSAR's—but Britain our
own.

“ For ages and ages, with barbarous foes,
The Saxon, Norwegian, and Gaul,
We wrestled, were foil'd, were cast down, but we rose
With new vigour, new life from each fall ;
By all we were conquer'd :—WE CONQUER'D
THEM ALL !

—The cruel, the cannibal mind,
We softened, subdued, and refined;

Bears, wolves, and sea-monsters, they rush'd from
 their den;
 We taught them, we tamed them, we turn'd them
 to men.

“Love led the wild hordes in his flower-woven bands,
 The tenderest, strongest of chains!
 Love married our hearts, he united our hands,
 And mingled the blood in our veins;
 One race we became:—on the mountains and plains,
 Where the wounds of our country were closed,
 The Ark of Religion reposed,
 The unquenchable Altar of Liberty blazed,
 And the Temple of Justice in Mercy was raised.

“Ark, Altar, and Temple, we left with our breath
 To our children, a sacred bequest!
 O guard them, O keep them, in life and in death;
 So the shades of your fathers shall rest,
 And your spirits with ours be in Paradise blest:

—Let Ambition, the sin of the brave,
And Avarice, the soul of a slave,
No longer seduce your affections to roam
From Liberty, Justice, Religion, AT HOME!"

THE
COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man :—and WHO was He ?
—Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown :
His name has perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear !
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing spirits' rise and fall ;
 We know that these were felt by him,
 For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er ;
 Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled ;
 Had friends,—his friends are now no more ;
 And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
 O she was fair !—but nought could save
 Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
 Encounter'd all that troubles thee :
 He was—whatever thou hast been ;
 He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—**THERE LIVED A MAN!**

THE END.

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